

# Public Enemy Lyrics

"RLTK"

(feat. DMC)

*[Chuck D]*

5-1 not 5-0

Ima b52

Bomb drop non stop spitting on you

Never have so many

Been screwed by so few

Call to save y'all

So whatcho wanna do?

At the age I'm at now if I can't teach

I shouldn't even open my mouth to speak

Real talk raising strong down from the weak

Chuck d got tea party beef

Why represent where you cant sleep?

40 aches jackass is six feet deep

Lost in the same space y'all call the streets

I walk real talk across these beats

At the age I am now

If I can't teach

I should even open my mouth to speak

I bomb drop on those that be makin y'all weak

24hours 7 days a week

*[DMC]*

I be the king from the streets of hollis queens new york

The only thing you get from dmc is real talk

The cow makes beef and the pig makes pork

I gotta walk this way 'cause it's the way I walk

From the halls in the hood to the halls of fame

I got that east coast flavor and that west coast game

I jam with jackal and jesse james

You gotta call me the king when you say my name

*[Chorus - DMC]*

I go hard for the people in the streets (real talk)

The king of the rhymes and the beats (real talk)

Adidas is the sneakers on my feet (real talk)

And it's the children in the streets we gotta reach (real talk)

I rock on real talk

The way the side walks

Whats up with the radio inside new york

Underneath them streets

Man made concrete

Is mother earth

And gods work

This ain't new  
Cause y'all ain't never knew  
No tears tell your peers inform your crew  
Cause truth is truth  
No matter what I think  
I take out garbage  
When it tends to stink  
No joke no smoke  
I don't drink  
Mrchuck d  
Tweet me so we can link  
See I been your age  
You ain't been mine  
Feels like I was born a second time this rhyme I wrote  
Took a long ass time  
Leave that wackness way behind

At the age I am now  
If I can't teach  
I should even open my mouth to speak  
I bomb drop on those that be makin y'all weak  
24hours 7 days a week

*[DMC]*

I be the good crowd rocker, the best mc  
I be the world's greatest rapper if you want me to be  
But all that crap means nothing to me  
If I can't give 'em vision and something to see  
It's more powerful than your politics  
All you stupid politicians can suck a thumb  
Me and chuck d we do not run  
Like my man said a change is gonna come  
So don't be stupid don't be so dumb  
There are no cuss words for y'all to beep  
But I am cursing out the leaders that are still asleep  
And all you wack-ass rappers, your talk is cheap  
See my talk is really real 'cause my voice is deep  
Now I used to rock rhymes with the reverend  
From run dmc there's nothing better than...  
The microphone killin', head severin'  
And if you're sick of wack rappin' I'm the medicine.

Noise of my voice  
Voice of the voiceless  
Against the  
Racist  
Classist  
Homophobic  
Sexist,  
Xenophobic  
That sits  
So deep  
Within us

Can't get help  
From those  
Famous just to be famous  
The powers that be separate us and hate us  
When you need em  
They go on hiatus  
They hate us  
It don't matter  
They cant mistake us  
For somebody else  
They tried to break us  
No need to dumb down or even young down  
Cause my standards  
Is high  
They cant understand it  
Some of them cant stand it  
They cant understand it  
Songwriter yall know it  
More than a poet  
Living life not lies  
So the people can know it

At the age I am now  
If I can't teach  
I should even open my mouth to speak  
I bomb drop on those that be makin y'all weak  
24 hours 7 days a week